



Mary's Song.

MARY'S SONG.

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing:
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
 Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken;
Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
 Low, dear lute, low!

THE LUTE SONG.

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

VOICE. *Larghetto.*

PIANO. *Larghetto.*
sempre arpeggiando e staccato.

Hap - less doom of wo - man hap - py in be -

rall. *a tempo.*

- troth - ing! Beau - ty pass - es like a breath and love is lost in loath - ing:

colla voce.

THE LUTE SONG.

Low, . . . my lute; speak low, . . . my lute, but

say the world is no - thing-- Low,

lute, low! Love will ho - ver round the flow'r's

when they first a - wa - ken; Love will fly the fall - en leaf, and not be o - ver -

(2)

THE LUTE SONG.

- tak - en; Low, . . . my lute! oh low, . . . my lute! we

fade and are for - sak - en— Low, dear

lute, low, low!

